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AN EPISTLE TO THE KING,

ON

His MAJESTY's moſt happy ACCESSION to the THRONE.

Diſtulit Auguſtus cupido ſe reddere cœlo,
Dum tibi pacatum præſenti traderet orbem.

Claudian.

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AN

EPISTLE to the KING,

On His MAJESTY's moſt happy Acceſſion to the THRONE.

WHILST *Europe*, waiting for the great Event,
With ſtedfaſt Eyes on your Reſolves is bent;
Whilſt Kings, whilſt Heroes diſtant Homage bring,
And duteous *Pæans* round your Palace ring:
May't not be thought to rob the publick Weal,
Great Sir, one Moment from your Cares to ſteal.

As ſome tall Oak, which long ſuperior ſtood,
Jove's fav'rite Tree, the Monarch of the Wood;

Supreme in Sway, nods o'er his ſubject Grove,
And overlooks it with Paternal Love;
Whilſt firm, he ſpreads his branchy Honours round,
Beats off the Tempeſts, and protects the Ground;
The fierce Deſcents of raging Winds defies,
And ſcorns the Malice of inclement Skies:
But when he yields (as yield he muſt) to Time,
His Eldeſt-born bears forth his Brow ſublime;
Succeeds t' his Father's Place to guard the Grove,
Alike entitl'd the Belov'd of *Jove*.

Thus, long Opponent to the Storms of State,
Your Father ſtood, ----- ſtood reſolutely Great;
Try'd in each ſearching Inſtance of his Reign,
Freſh from Fatigue, and ſtill renew'd from Pain:
In Arts of Sway, in War and Peace approv'd,
Of Tyrants fear'd, of Subjects bleſt and lov'd;
'Till Time (what won't un-ſparing Time ſubdue?)
Raviſh'd the full-aged Heroe from our View;
But, Kindly-cruel! paid our Loſs with You.

Sated

Sated with Praiſe, He ſatisfy'd his Fame,
Nor cou'd our Wills (he might our Weakneſs) blame;
While all that Earth cou'd give, to him was giv'n,
Then grown inſolvent, left the reſt to Heav'n.
Heroes of old thus Paths of Glory trod,
Put off the Mortal, and aſſum'd the God.

While to your Father's Virtues You ſucceed,
To guide our Councils, and our Legions lead;
T' enforce our Laws, on public Welfare bent,
Great Sir, your Worth proclaims your high Deſcent,
Nor err'd the Muſe, whoſe young Eſſay wou'd prove
Your Race more high than thoſe which boaſt their *Jove*.

Long have You ſtood Illuſtrious in our Eyes,
Now we in Hope as You in Promiſe riſe;
The Reins of Sway committed to your Hand
Have long ſince prov'd You equal to Command.

The Muſe can run the Time with Tranſport o'er,
When noble Heat your Royal Father bore

To reſcue Nations on th' *Hungarian* Plains,
And teach the *Turk* to fear his own Domains,
Who graſp'd at all. To Glory then reſign'd,
What warm Ideas fir'd your gallant Mind,
Which ſwell'd your Breaſt, nor knew to be confin'd!
How did your Youth th' embattl'd Legions claim,
And ſought in Fields to give a Stroke to Fame?

So the young Lion, when his *Libyan* Sire
Pours thro' the Wilds, and roaring out his Ire,
Affrights the Plains, and makes the Herds retire;
Indignant frets, and ſtays behind with Pain,
Poiſes his Paws, and ſhakes his threat'ning Mane,
Then longs t' attend his Sire, impetuous to the Plain.

But He forbids, and gives the Reins to You,
Who thus in Arts of Peace may greater grow,
By his Example and Experience ſhew'd
The skillful Manage of the Multitude:
Inſtructed thence how far leſs truly brave
It is to rout out Foes, than Subjects ſave.

And now with more embolden'd Looks the Muſe
Draws nearer, and your later Conduct views,
With what a ſtrong, yet gently-guiding Hand
You then ſuſtain'd our well-entruſted Land;
Nor yet beneath the mighty Burthen bow'd,
When Foreign Cares requir'd your Sire abroad;
How pleas'd the King look'd back, and joy'd to view
A Nation's Weight ſo well up-born by You.

Thus *Atlas*, gather'd to his Kindred Gods,
And reſpited from Heav'n's unequal Loads,
Conſign'd to *Hercules* the Pole to bear,
Who ſtood unbent beneath th' incumbent Sphere:
The Sire look'd down, his Delegate admir'd,
Then wonder'd at the Weight from which he late retir'd.

Your happy Guidance early did diſplay
The promis'd Bleſſings of your future Sway,
As from the Dawn we draw our Hopes of Day.

So form'd for Empire, of ſo clear a Mind,
In Secondary Light too long You ſhin'd;
For *George*, tho' Nature claims, deferrs the Debt,
And bids th' expecting Skies yet longer wait,
'Till He the ruffled World below appeaſe,
And You ſucceed to Empire and to Peace.

Th' unſettled World thus *Julius* did ſubdue;
Auguſtus reap'd the Fruits of Peace, like You:
Then Learning flouriſh'd, and the Muſes then
Found Panegyrick for the Poets Pen:
Then Heav'n below in Human-ſhape confin'd,
Vouchſaf'd himſelf a Pattern to Mankind.
Thus if he e'er reviſit Earth again,
'Twill be when Peace, Religion, Juſtice reign;
For fair Example by juſt Princes giv'n,
And Laws in force, exalt this Earth to Heav'n.

But ſee! how Joy, diffuſive, round us ſmiles,
And mourning *Albion* of her Grief beguiles:

The

The widow'd Iſland now reſigns her Care,
Whilſt all her Hopes devolve upon her Heir.
Retiring *Saturn* Heav'n awhile bewail'd,
But *Jove* ſucceeding, o'er her Grief prevail'd.
Your Praiſe does ev'ry Voice and Pen employ,
The Nation wears a gen'ral Face of Joy;
Auguſta in her gayeſt Looks appears,
And conſecrates to You th' auſpicious Years:
Her diſtant Spires in bright'ning Proſpect riſe,
And with Ambitious Beauty lure your Eyes;
While in her Mien You, inly pleas'd, behold
The peaceful Pleaſures of your Reign unfold,
Her Crowds in Triumph your Approaches meet,
And ſtruggle out their Homage at your Feet.

So when young *Titus*, *Rome*'s lov'd Heroe, came
To heir his Father's Honours and his Fame,
Applauding Throngs in giddy Rapture ran,
To hail th' Appearance of the Godlike Man:

How Good, how Great their Prince they ſet to ſhew,
And draw his future Conduct out to View;
Act all whate'er can fertile Fancy feign,
And pre-enjoy the Bleſſings of his Reign.

As forward Hopes on your Acceſſion wait,
Which your *Idæal* Actions antedate,
Prophetick Thoughts th' imagin'd Series ſhow,
And we grow really bleſt by ſeeming ſo.
Whilſt you a ſtubborn Nation's Fewds beguile,
And look 'em into Duty with a Smile;
Nor yet the Monarch from the Man divide,
But o'er our Paſſions as our Lands preſide;
Each ill-perſuading Thought your Aſpect awes,
As your high Worth our fixt Devotion draws.

As *Jove*, in Heav'n's Omnipotence enthron'd,
Superior ſmil'd on thoſe that ſhone around,
Attendant Pow'rs and Miniſterial Gods!
Who bore the Thund'rer to the bright Abodes;

Suc-

Succeeding to his Sire from grovy *Ide*,
To poize the Heav'ns, and Nature's Movements guide;
While Lord of Thunders, He looks from the Pole,
And by his Beck three Kingdoms does controul.

Great Monarch, You ſucceed to like Renown,
Our *Britiſh Jove*, put on Your Triple Crown;
Secure of Love, on three large Kingdoms ſmile,
And juſt to all, our Factions reconcile.
Our ſep'rate Weal conſolidate in One;
The People's Love's the Cement of the Throne.
But ſee! in You how madding Factions cloſe,
And, ſettling, wonder how they once were Foes;
While each in friendly Controverſie vies,
And breeds a grateful Error in your Eyes;
So far are both officious to your Fame,
Alike in Look, You this for th'other name.

Such, with ſo meek and un-diſtinguiſh'd Grace,
And all the Brother blooming in their Face,

Jove's Twins in Heav'n's high Courts were ſitting ſeen,
The ſame their Paſſions, and the ſame their Mien;
Miſtaking Faces, ev'n *Saturnius* ſmil'd,
By ſubtleſt Likeneſs gratefully beguil'd:
Nor cou'd the oft-reviewing Dame decide,
While, each the Fav'rite, they her Love divide.

Bleſt *Albion*'s Genius, pleas'd the Change to view,
Secure of *George*, his Guardian Care withdrew,
While to the Manſion of the Years he flew.

Beyond our Sphere, far in the Blue Profound,
Where *Sol* conducts the rowling Seaſons round;
Blind and unknown, impervious to the Mind,
But free to Spirits of ſuperior Kind,
Sits the hoar Lodge of Years: To Entrance barr'd;
A Sire, call'd *Time*, maintains the wakeful Guard.
Up-roll'd, within a Serpent Form appears,
And as he pours 'em forth, devours the Years:

Which portion'd out in Months and Weeks and Days,
Repeat their Round, and tread an endleſs Maze.
Here Providence's Diſpenſations ſeen,
Supply of Things th' un-failing Magazine;
Time does the deep Decrees of Fate diſcloſe,
Now bid to number out theſe Years, now thoſe.
Arriv'd, the Genius at the Entrance view'd
The Full of Days, by Age not yet ſubdu'd,
Who, low inclining, with deep Rev'rence bow'd
Thoſe Locks, which ſumleſs Winters over-ſnow'd;
Then, for He knew his Meſſage yet-untold,
He bade the Gates; the bidden Gates unfold:
Back fly, ſelf-mov'd, the Adamantine Doors,
And ſtrait diſplay the Providential Stores.
The Years all rank'd in ſequent Order dwell,
But diff'rent Rounds poſſeſs a diff'rent Cell:
There too our ſev'ral Lots below are ſhown,
And from what ſlender Threads our Fortunes run.
From out the Years in faireſt Aſpect dreſt,
The Power to *George*'s Name ſelects the beſt:

Sign'd

Sign'd with our King, the Seaſons forth he led,
And as they follow'd, thus exulting ſaid.
" Behold the Man in Heav'n's Decrees enroll'd,
" To bring again a better Age of Gold:
" Roll on, ye Years; to Mortals Bleſſings bring,
" And be of Virtues an unfading Spring.
" *George* ſhall the Muſes to their Seats reſtore,
" And ſavage Ignorance ſhall rage no more,
" Whilſt ancient Arts return from ev'ry Shore.
" Now current Wit finds Paſſage to the King,
" No more repuls'd by thoſe that fear its Sting.
" Peace from her Dove-like Wing ſhall Bleſſings ſhed,
" And with her Olive bind our Monarch's Head.
" Merit no more by Want ſhall be depreſs'd,
" While Virtue only by the Throne's careſs'd.
" So flouriſh'd *Rome* when Providence aſſign'd
" His fav'rite *Titus* to delight Mankind."

To chaunt Your Praiſe, what Poet can forbear,
Who make the Muſes and their Sons your Care?

Tho'

Tho' *Granta* ſtrings her ev'ry Lyre, and ſhews
Where Nature fails, Your Praiſe can force a Muſe;
Yet You the various Verſe with Smiles receive,
And ſhew enough of Bounty, to forgive.
His Poet's Faults the Warrior-Monarch ſpar'd,
His happier Strokes obtain'd his juſt Regard;
And tho' he knew Ill-drawing wou'd diſgrace
His Manners more than Col'ring cou'd his Face;
All but a Maſter-Painter he forbid,
The Poet prais'd, and blunder'd on unchid:
Not that he was leſs delicate in Wit,
But cheriſh'd all, that ſome, at leaſt, might hit.

Tho' young in Praiſe, we here too raſhly dare,
Yet old in Goodneſs, You've long learn'd to ſpare;
At leaſt while Duty bids us hail, excuſe
Th' ambitious Sally of a youthful Muſe;
While ev'ry *Briton* is requir'd to bring
His Tribute Praiſe, and loud ſalute his King.

But yet to Poets larger Right is giv'n,
Bold Sons of Praiſe, the Colony of Heav'n!
Who, now how fallen! once diſtinguiſh'd ſhone,
And were the firſt Aſſeſſors to the Throne.
'Twas fit that they that open'd firſt the Skies,
Shou'd mix with Monarchs who from thence wou'd riſe.

The *Grecian* Heroe thus rejoic'd to uſe
The frequent Converſe of the *Grecian* Muſe;
In Gold her lofty Numbers he inſhrin'd,
But gave her Thought a loftier Seat, his Mind:
The Bard was of the Secrets of his Soul,
And as he moves, the Warrior's Paſſions roll,
While juſteſt Meaſures in his Morals taught,
The Heroe acted what the Poet thought.

FINIS.